

MARVEL
COMICS

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DAREDEVIL



**HUMAN-1'S
MOTION
PICTURE**

**PART ONE
OF FIVE**

ALPHABET
CITY.

MANHATTAN.

EVEN THE DARKNESS CANNOT
CONCEAL THE MORE UNSAVORY
ASPECT OF THIS SECTION OF
THE CITY.

HOW MANY TIMES
I GOTTA TELL YA NOT
TA COME 'ROUND
HERE?

THE RESIDENTS HERE
DON'T HAVE MUCH
TO LOSE.

I'M TALKIN'
AT YA HERE! PEOP-
LE DON'T PAY ME
GOOD RENT
MONEY HERE TA
HAVE TA SMELL
YOU--

AND THEY PROTECT
WHAT IS THEIRS.

YA NEVER
LISTEN.

YOU'RE
MAKING A
MISTAKE.

--NOW
YER
GONNA
PAY--

SLUGGER

YA BEEN
WARNED--

Kellogg's
ROOT
OOPSO

STAN LEE PRESENTS:

FATHOMS OF HUMANITY

-PART ONE OF FIVE-

HELP UNWANTED

YOU HAD
NO RIGHT TO
EVEN *CONSIDER*
HITTING THAT
MAN WITH THIS
BAT.

WHAT'S
THE MATTER?
CAN'T
BREATHE?

CAN'T
FIGURE OUT
HOW THE BAT
GOT FROM
YOUR HANDS
TO MINE?

NOT SO
TOUGH WHEN
SOMEBODY CAN
FIGHT BACK,
huh?

"You do not know me if you think I am
afraid, or that I build my burrow simply
out of fear."

—Franz Kafka
"The Burrow"

GREGORY WRIGHT: WRITER
TOM GRINDBERG: PENCILER
RAY KRYSSING: INKER
EVA GRINDBERG: COLORIST
JON BABCOCK: LETTERER
RALPH MACCHIO: EDITOR
TOM DEFALCO: EDITOR IN CHIEF

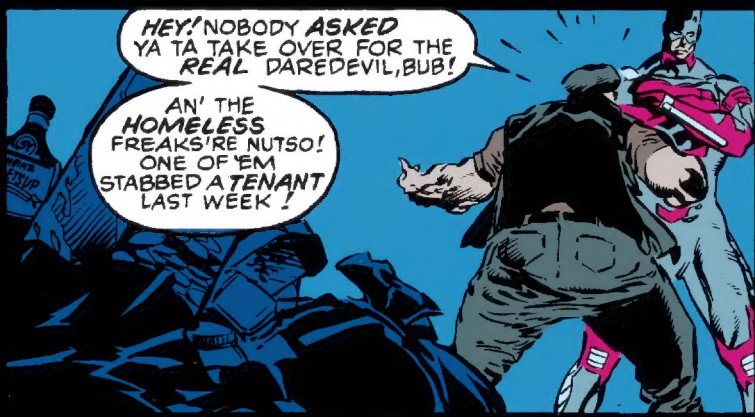


NOBODY TRIES TO BRAIN THE COLLEGE KIDS SIFTING THROUGH TRASH FOR DORM FURNITURE...



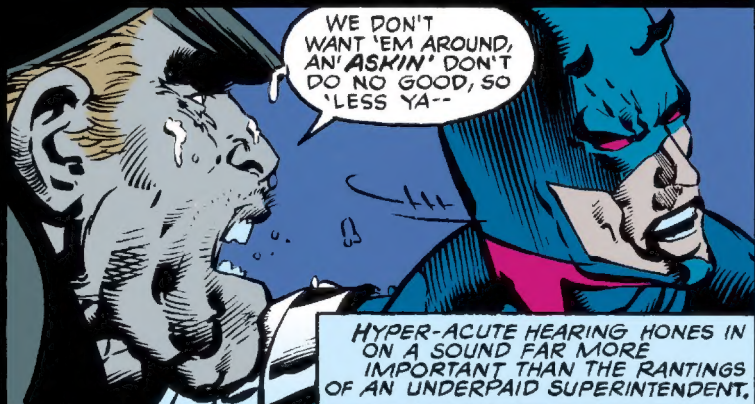
...OR WOULD YOU TREAT *THEM* WITH AS MUCH DISRESPECT?

HOW WOULD YOU DEAL WITH THE KNOWLEDGE OF MAIMING A MAN WHO WAS ONLY TRYING TO SURVIVE?



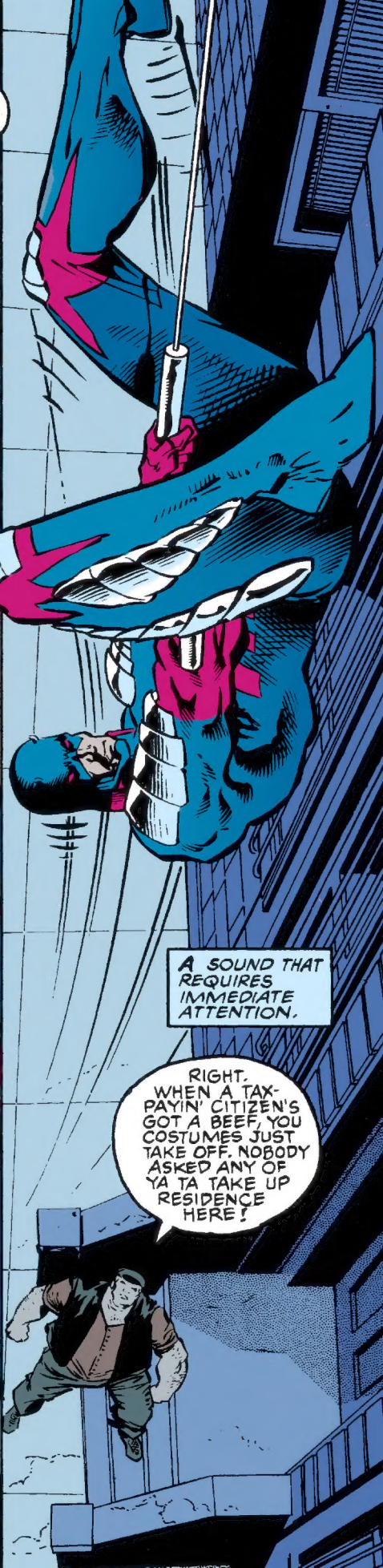
HEY! NOBODY ASKED YA TA TAKE OVER FOR THE REAL DAREDEVIL, BUB!

AN' THE HOMELESS FREAKS'RE NUTSO! ONE OF 'EM STABBED A TENANT LAST WEEK!



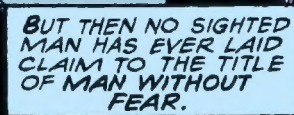
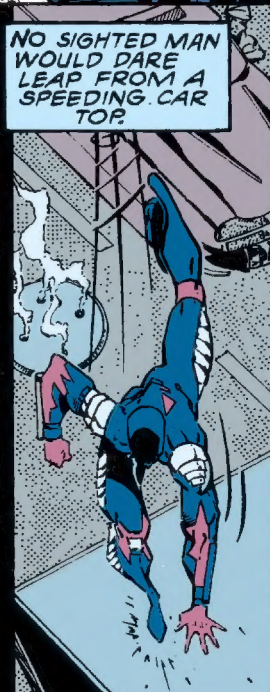
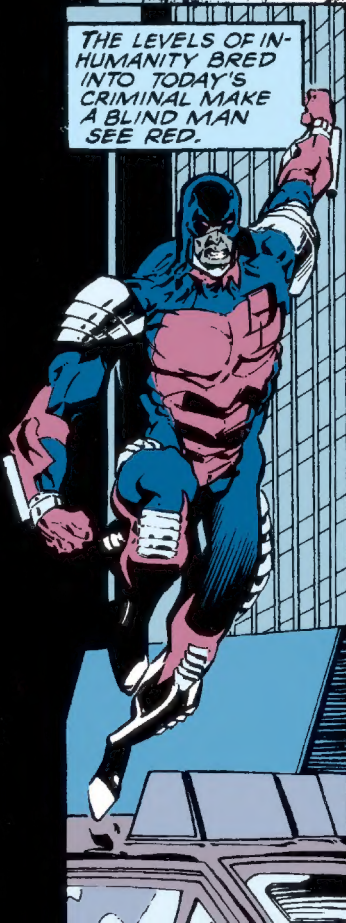
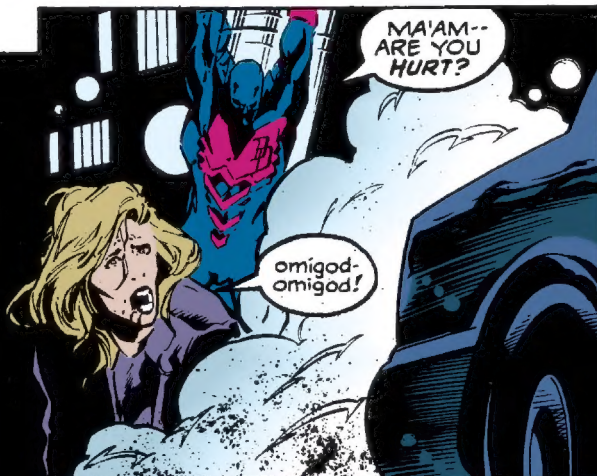
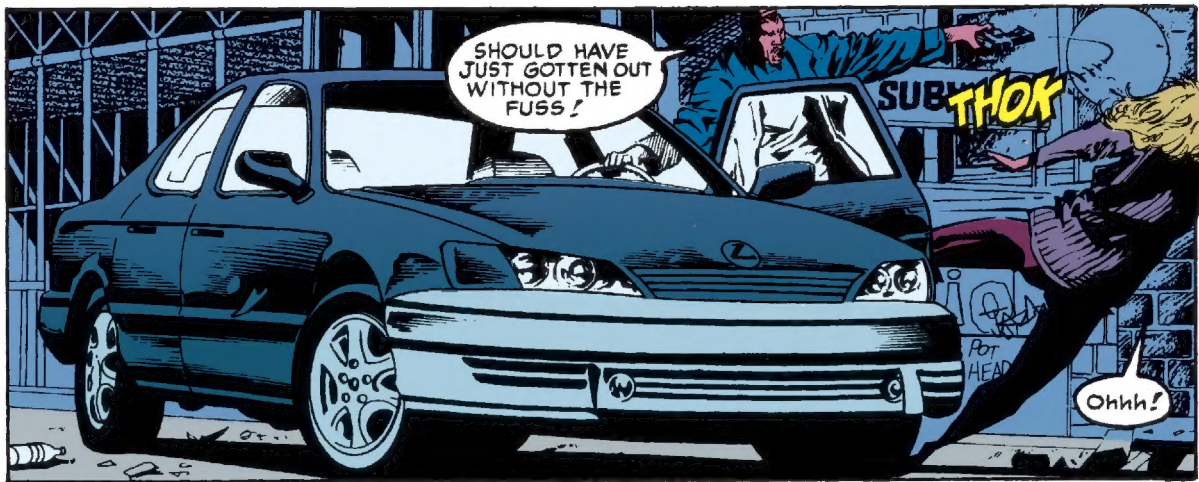
WE DON'T WANT 'EM AROUND, AN' *ASKIN'* DON'T DO NO GOOD, SO 'LESS YA--

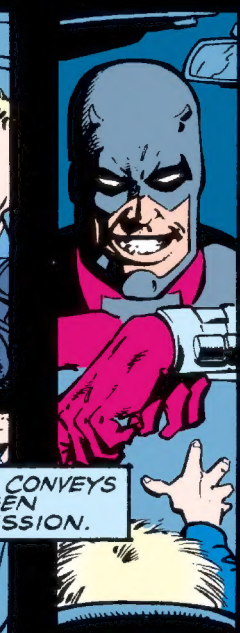
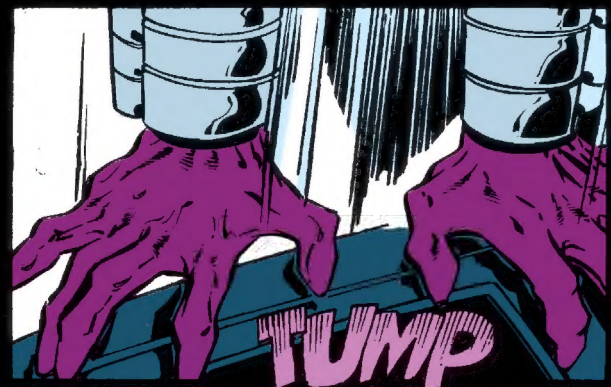
HYPER-ACUTE HEARING HONES IN ON A SOUND FAR MORE IMPORTANT THAN THE RANTINGS OF AN UNDERPAID SUPERINTENDENT.

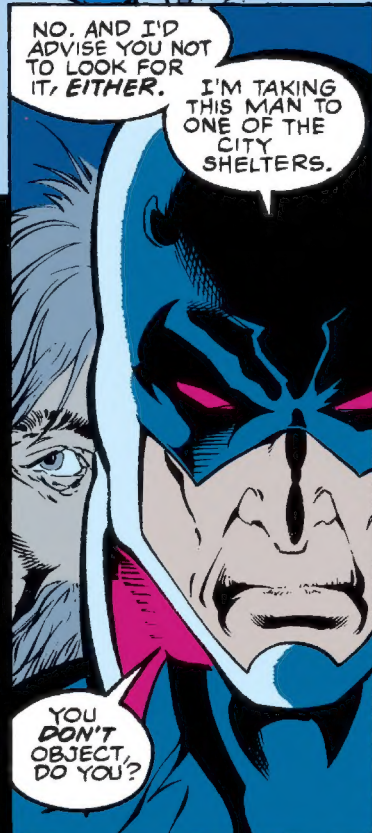
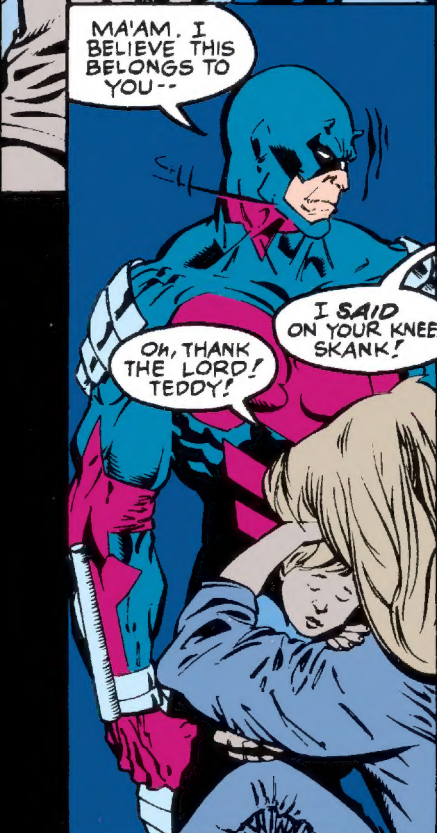


A SOUND THAT REQUIRES IMMEDIATE ATTENTION.

RIGHT. WHEN A TAX-PAYIN' CITIZEN'S GOT A BEEF, YOU COSTUMES JUST TAKE OFF. NOBODY ASKED ANY OF YA TA TAKE UP RESIDENCE HERE!







EVEN THE MORE
AFFLUENT SECTIONS
OF TOWN HAVE THEIR
DARK SIDE...

...IS A VERY
IMPORTANT
DELIVERY.

Okie Dokie,
RALPHIE AN' I
CAN HANDLE IT.

REMEMBER.
CASH ON
DELIVERY.

ED--THE
MAN AIN'T
GONNA LIKE US
SOCIALIZIN' WITH
THE UPTOWN
SQUAD.

QUIT
BUGGIN'.

THE MAN
AIN'T GOT THE
POWER HE
USED TO.

THE
MAN'S ON
THE STREET
NOW.

AN' THE
STREET AIN'T
NOTHIN' COM-
PARED TO WHAT
WE GOT GOIN'
ON *BELOW*.

THE MAN'S
A COMMON
THUG. WE JUST
DOIN' WHAT WE
GOTTA DO FOR
THE COM-
MUNITY.

THE MAN
IS STILL
FISK.

AN' FISK
WAS THE
HEART OF
THIS CITY.

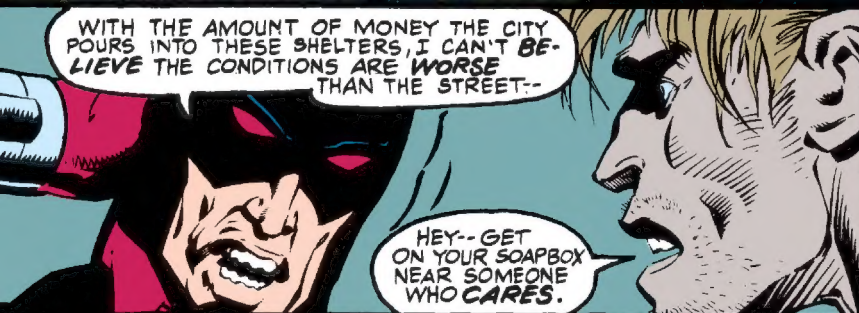
HE'S
EARNED
A LEVEL OF
RESPECT.



--WITH A **MASTERS**
IN **SOCIOLOGY** AND
THIS IS ALL I CAN
GET?

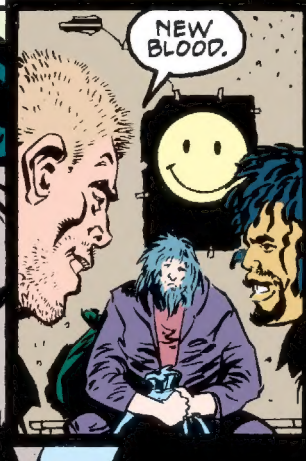
I WANT OUT
OF THIS ROACH
MOTEL ASAP.

CITY SHELTERS SHOULD
PROVIDE SOME TYPE
OF SANCTUARY...



WITH THE AMOUNT OF MONEY THE CITY
POURS INTO THESE SHELTERS, I CAN'T BE-
LIEVE THE CONDITIONS ARE WORSE
THAN THE STREET--

HEY-- GET
ON YOUR SOAPBOX
NEAR SOMEONE
WHO CARES.



NEW
BLOOD.

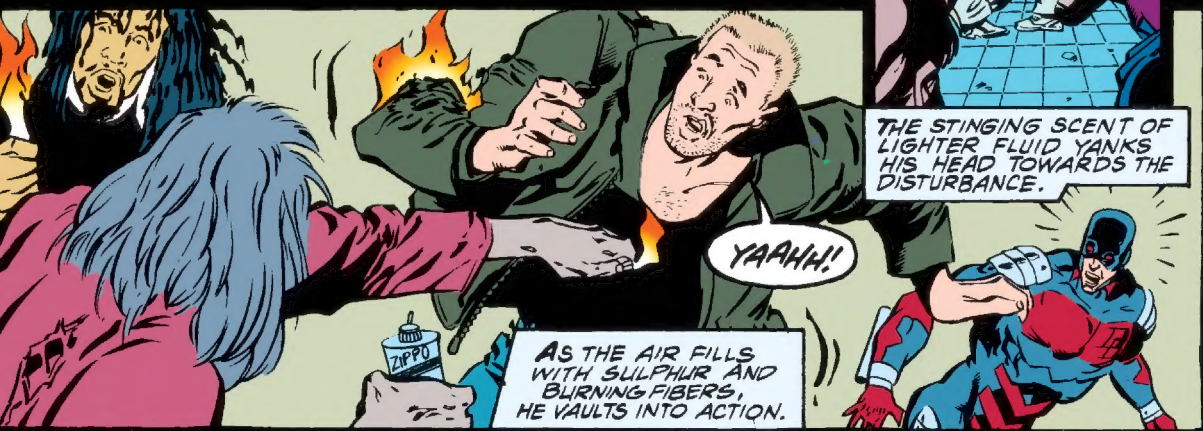


THE BAG.
SHARE IT.

NICE DAY



YOU
GOT BUTTS?
BOOZE?



THE STINGING SCENT OF
LIGHTER FLUID YANKS
HIS HEAD TOWARDS THE
DISTURBANCE.

YAAHH!

AS THE AIR FILLS
WITH SULPHUR AND
BURNING FIBERS,
HE VAULTS INTO ACTION.



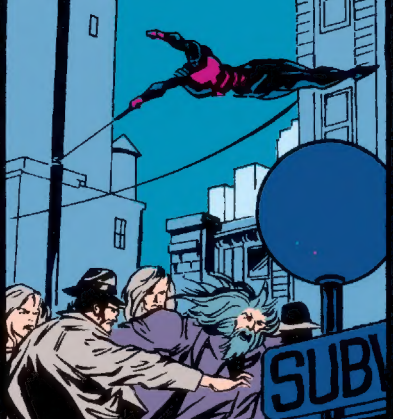
SOME OF THE
OTHER HOMELESS
RUSH TO PUT
OUT THE FLAMES.

NOT OUT OF KIND-
NESS, BUT SO THEY
MIGHT TAKE THE
OPPORTUNITY TO
LIFT WHATEVER
POSSESSION MIGHT
BE IN THE POCKETS
OF THE BURNING RAGS.

WAIT--



THE HOMELESS MAN
DISAPPEARS WITHOUT
A TRACE BEFORE
DAREDEVIL CAN REACH
THE STREET.



HE LEAVES AN ODOR
TRAIL STRONG ENOUGH
FOR EVEN ONE WITHOUT
ENHANCED SENSES TO FOLLOW.



AGILITY SEEMINGLY
COMES FROM NOWHERE.



THERE IS FAR MORE
TO THIS MAN THAN
ONE MIGHT PERCEIVE.

OH
MY
GOD!

STOP
HIM!

WHOOONK K K



THERE'S
NOTHING LEFT
OF HIM...

WHO
CARES, JUST
ONE MORE
PIECE A' CRUD
OFF THE
STREET.

MAN, I
HOPE THIS AIN'T
GONNA MEAN
'NOTHER
DELAY!

I THINK
I SEE A
HAND--

BELOW THE
PLATFORMS
ARE CARVED-
OUT TUNNELS.

TUNNELS USED BY
THOSE WHO LIVE
BELOW.



TUNNELS HIDDEN
FROM THE
SUNFOLK.



NOT SURE JUST
WHY I'M GOING TO
ALL THIS TROUBLE.

THOSE WHO LIVE BELOW, IN THE BOTTOMLESS CAVERNS CARVED OUT BY SUNFOLK'S MACHINES, TRAVERSE SECTIONS LONG FORGOTTEN BY THOSE WHO MADE THEM.

SECTIONS NO ONE WOULD EVER INTENTIONALLY LOOK FOR.

never should have gone with him.

doesn't matter what he's hiding from.

HE FOLLOWS IN THE DARKNESS WITH EASE NO SIGHTED MAN WOULD EVER KNOW IN DAYLIGHT.

HE WONDERS HOW A MAN WITHOUT ENHANCED SENSES COULD NAVIGATE THE DARKNESS MORE THAN EQUALLY AS WELL.

HOW DOES THIS HOMELESS MAN STAY AHEAD OF HIM?

HE HEARS THEM COMING BUT IS NONETHELESS SURPRISED BY THEIR STEALTH.

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE COME, DAREDEVIL.

AN' WE AIN'T FOOLED BY THE NEW DUDS.

YOU AIN'T WELCOME HERE, HERO.


I JUST--THOUGHT I COULD BE OF SOME HELP--

SUNFOLK SEE WITH THEIR EYES. THE EYES PLAY TRICKS.

WE SEE LIKE YOU DOWN HERE

WHY YOU PLAYIN' THE GHOST?

YOU NEED HELP. YOU THE ONE WHO NEEDS HELP.



AAAA! YOU SEE?
SEE WHAT YOU
BROUGHT DOWN HERE?

WHATTAYA KNOW,
HE LED US RIGHT
TO THEM
LOWLIFES.

I HATE THIS
BEAT, MAN. I
HATE THOSE PEOPLE.
SHOULD JUST PUT 'EM
OUT OF OUR MISERY.

EVEN YOU
ARE NOT SAFE
DOWN HERE, DARE-
DEVIL. I SUGGEST
YOU FOLLOW ME.

YOU MAY
CALL ME **JOSHUA**,
FOR AS LONG AS
YOU ARE PER-
MITTED TO REMAIN
BELOW.

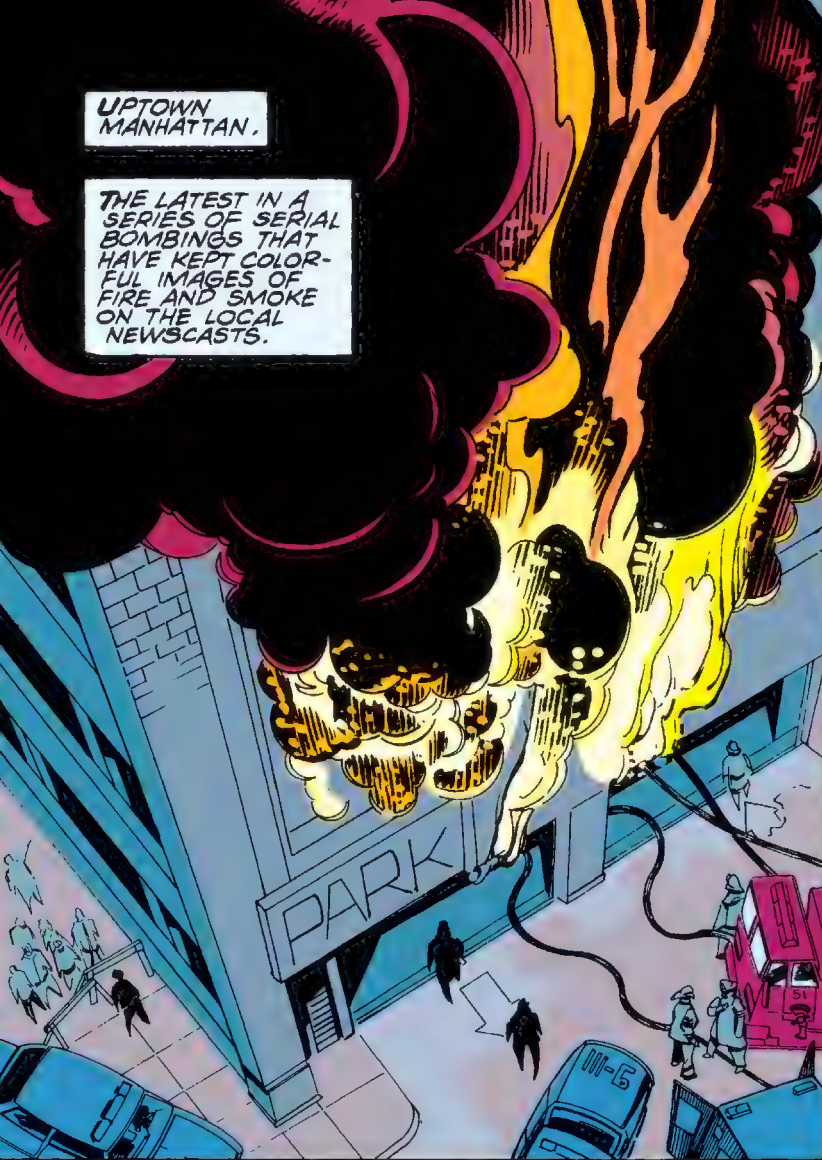
PERMITTED?

THERE MUST BE
REASONS BEHIND
THE TASTE OF IN-
FORMATION SO
FREELY DOLED OUT
TO HIM.

REASONS
BETTER
LEFT ALONE.

UPTOWN
MANHATTAN.

THE LATEST IN A
SERIES OF SERIAL
BOMBINGS THAT
HAVE KEPT COLOR-
FUL IMAGES OF
FIRE AND SMOKE
ON THE LOCAL
NEWSCASTS.



--LUCKY TO
BE ALIVE. LOOK
AT MY BUSI-
NESS!

NO
BUSINESS
HERE ANY-
MORE. INSURANCE
WILL NEVER
COVER ME
AGAIN.

MR. HUY,
LET'S GET
BACK TO THE
POINT. I NEED
BETTER DE-
SCRIPTIONS OF
THE TWO MEN
YOU BELIEVE
PLANTED THE
BOMBS...

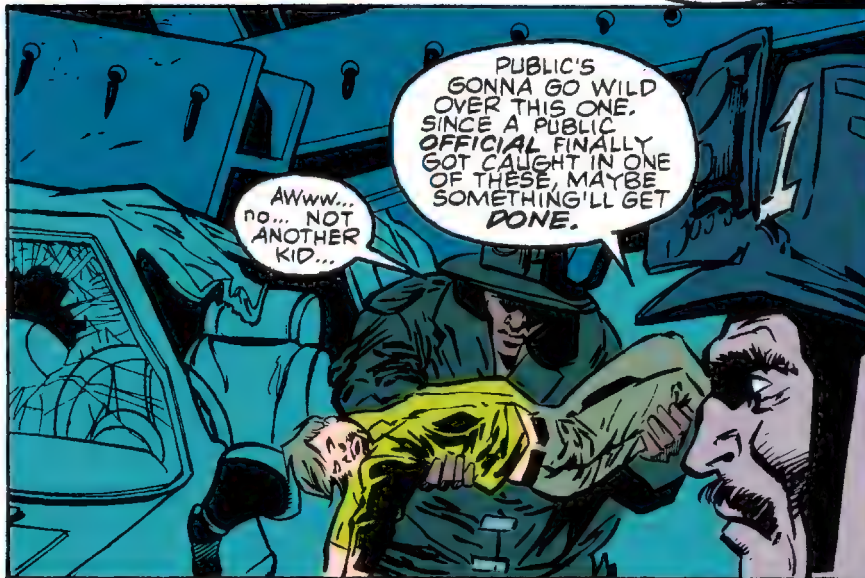


I TOLD
YOU. BLACK
MEN. WHAT DO
YOU EXPECT? THEY
ALL HATE US.

ONE
WAS BIG AND
FAT. THE OTHER
SKINNY WITH A
HAT. SMELL LIKE
GARBAGE.

PUBLIC'S
GONNA GO WILD
OVER THIS ONE.
SINCE A PUBLIC
OFFICIAL FINALLY
GOT CAUGHT IN ONE
OF THESE, MAYBE
SOMETHING'LL GET
DONE.

AWWW...
no... NOT
ANOTHER
KID...



I CHASE
THEM AWAY
MANY TIMES.
NAME'S RALPHIE
--AND ED,
I THINK.



WHILE BELOW,
ANOTHER TYPE
OF SMOKE
FILLS THE AIR...

...THAT CAUSED
BY RAT HAIR
SINGEING AND
CATCHING FIRE.

NO PROBLEM. I
DON'T THINK I'LL
HAVE ANY APPETITE
FOR A WEEK OR
SO.

I'D BE
WILLING TO GET
YOU SOME **REAL**
FOOD AND CLOTH-
ING IF YOU'D TELL
ME HOW YOU KNOW
SO MUCH ABOUT
ME--

DON'T
WANT YOUR
HELP. DON'T
WANT YOU
HERE.

OTHERS
WOULDA
ROASTED
YOUR
SORRY BUTT
'STEAD OF
THE TRACK
RABBIT.

BE
GRATEFUL
AND
LEAVE.

YOU STOP
FEEDIN' HIM
BITS AND
PIECES THAT
KEEP HIM
HERE ASKING
QUESTIONS.

THIS
GAME HAS
GONE ON LONG
ENOUGH.

YOU'D
BE SURPRISED
WHAT--

YOU'VE GOT **HISTORY**
DOWN HERE. YOU TOOK
A MAN'S HONOR. YOU
TOOK A TRIBE'S
KING AND QUEEN--

AIN'T
SHARIN' ANY
O' THIS **TRACK**
RABBIT WITH
YOU, HERO.

YOU'RE
BEING
USED.


YOU
MUST
GET OUT
BEFORE
IT'S TOO
LATE.



IT'S
ALREADY
TOO LATE,
HAS-BEEN.

THE GRAVELLY
VOICE SCRAPES
HIS EARDRUMS
LIKE A RAKE ON
A BLACKBOARD.


THE VOICE IS
UNNERVINGLY
FAMILIAR AND
LONG FORGOTTEN.



IT'S TIME
TO TAKE BACK
WHAT YOU STOLE,
DAREDEVIL.

THIS IS
MY DOMAIN,
AND YOU ARE
TRESPASSING
ONCE AGAIN.


YOU DO
REMEMBER
THE KING,
DON'T YOU,
MAGGOT?




THE KING.

YEARS AGO
DAREDEVIL
FOUGHT
THE KING
AND TOOK
HIS QUEEN.

THE QUEEN
WAS WILSON
FISK'S
WIFE--
VANESSA



FISK WAS
THE
KINGPIN.



HOW LONG
AGO WAS IT?

HE IS LED TO A
MAKESHIFT ARENA
OF SORTS.

IN REALITY, IT
SERVES AS A
DUMPING PIT
FROM THE OVER-
FLOW OF THE
CITY'S NUMEROUS
SEWAGE SYSTEMS.

I'VE
BEEN LOOKING
FORWARD TO
THIS FOR A
LONG
TIME.

I'M
SURE.

THOK

I'M ALSO
SURE YOU'VE
GOT NO
CHANCE.

OH?



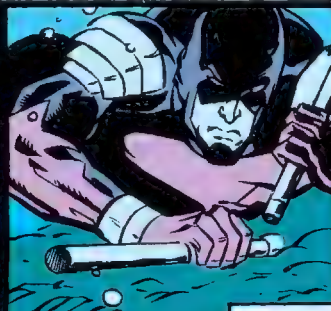
SEE IF
YOU CAN
BREATHE
SEWAGE.

THE ENORMOUS WEIGHT
OF THE KING'S FOOT PINS
HIS LEGS TO THE FILTH-
ENCRUSTED BOTTOM.

HE IS UNDER FOR
LONGER THAN HE
HAS EVER HELD
HIS BREATH.

ONE CHANCE.

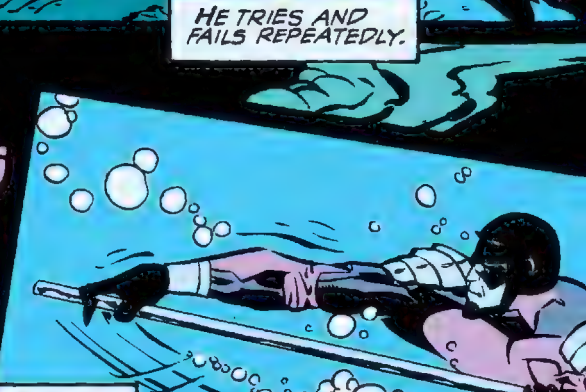
HIS SENSES
REELING, HE CAN-
NOT FEEL HIS
SURROUNDINGS
ENOUGH TO CONNECT
HIS BILLY CLUBS TOGETHER.



HE TRIES AND
FAILS REPEATEDLY.



GONNA
MAKE A NICE
LITTLE **SNACK**
OUT OF YOU,
DAREDEVIL.



SUCCESS.



SUMMONING EVERY
LAST OUNCE OF
STRENGTH, HE TWISTS
FREE AND STRIKES
BLINDLY TOWARDS
THE SOUND OF THE
BELLOWING KING.



WHOAGGH!



HE STRIKES
THE SOUND--



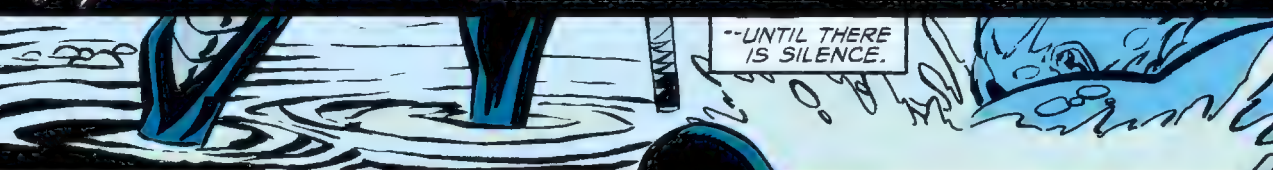
KRAK



KRAK



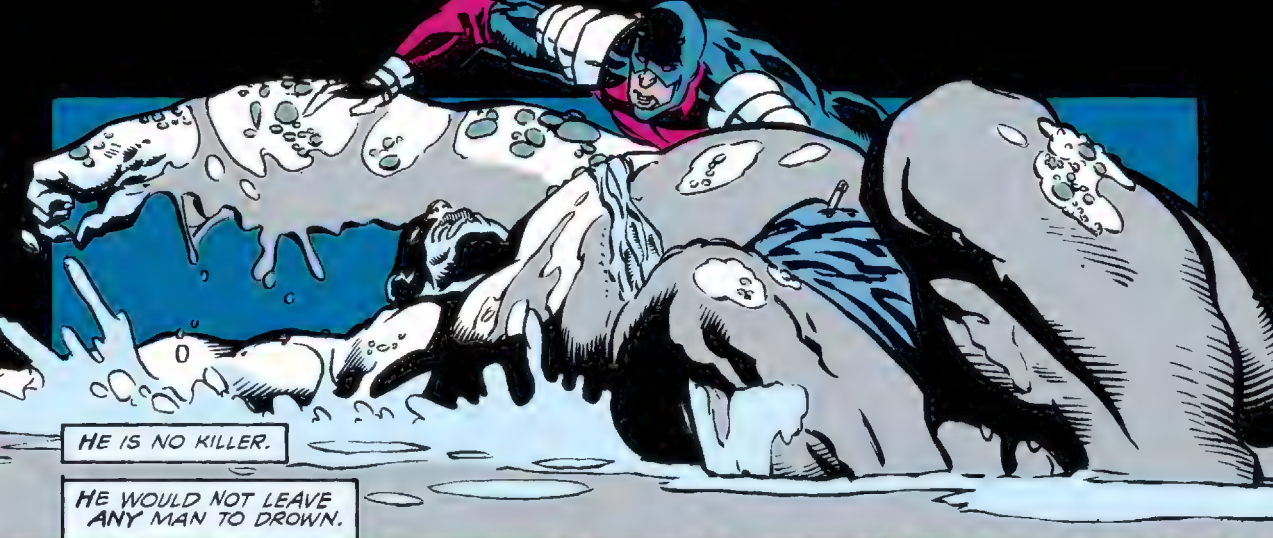
KRAK



--UNTIL THERE
IS SILENCE.

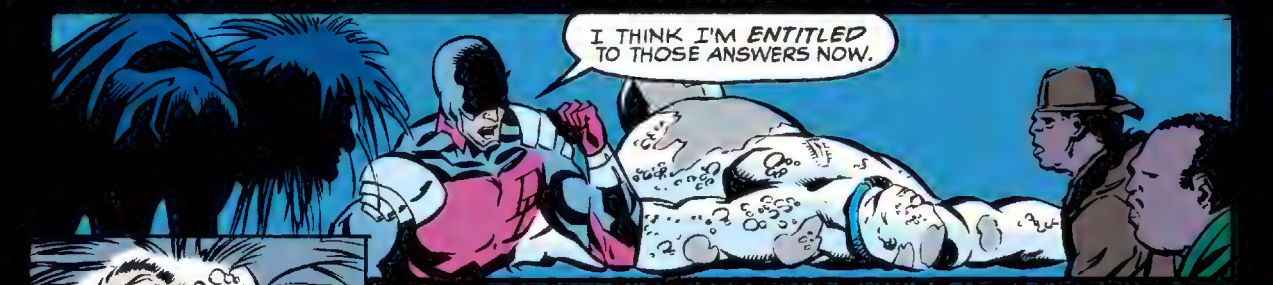


SLOWLY THE FOG
SURROUNDING HIS
SENSES LIFTS, AND
HE BEGINS THINKING
CLEARLY ONCE MORE.



HE IS NO KILLER.

HE WOULD NOT LEAVE
ANY MAN TO DROWN.



I THINK I'M ENTITLED
TO THOSE ANSWERS NOW.



HE'S
MEAT-

NO. HE'S
NOT MEAT.
HE'S--

WE
CARVE
HIM UP--
SHARE
THE
FOOD!

HE'S
MEAT!

IT AIN'T
FOR YOU TO
JUDGE!

MAYBE
YOU'RE
MEAT AS
WELL!



FABRIC WON'T **TEAR** LIKE MOST!

PEEL HIM!

YOU WILL **HAVE** TO HURT THEM, OR THEY WILL MOST ASSUREDLY **EAT** YOU!

RALPHIE, ED--
YOU WILL HELP ME.

DON'T FORCE ME TO HURT YOU--

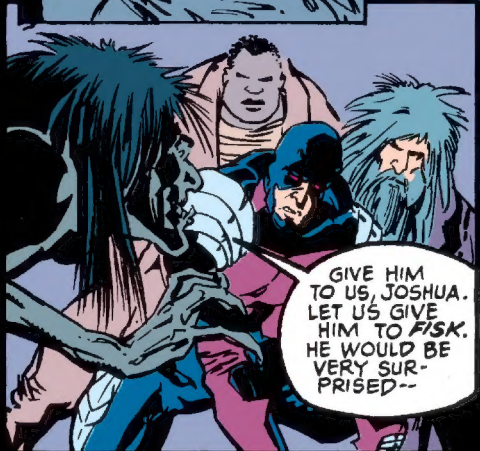


WE OWE HIM FOR TAKING CARE OF THE KING.

GUESS HE MIGHT BE KINDA WEAK FROM THE FIGHT...

JOSHUA MOVES WITH SKILLS THAT HAVE TO HAVE BEEN HONED OVER THE YEARS.

SKILLS THAT MUST HAVE BEEN USED WITH FREQUENCY AT ONE TIME.



GIVE HIM TO US, JOSHUA. LET US GIVE HIM TO **FISK**. HE WOULD BE VERY SURPRISED--



FISK? YOU MEAN **WILSON FISK?**

SOMEWHERE WITHIN
THE MAZE OF THE
SUBWAY SYSTEM,
WILSON FISK LAUGHS.

heh, heh.
"BOMBING LINKED
TO UNDERGROUND
DRUG
TRAFFICKERS."

HOW
UNABASHEDLY
CLUMSY.

Hmmm.

PERHAPS
I MIGHT GAIN
FROM THE FOLLY
OF THOSE WHO
TREAD WHERE
THEY ARE NOT
YET SAVVY...

TO BE
CONTINUED



ELEKTRA

report

Where's Dan?

Where's Scott?

Where's Hector?

WHERE'S WALDO!?

The tall beanpole in the striped shirt, funny glasses and the tuque can be found hidden in his own series of books. Us other three social social misfits are hidden away working on a ferociously exciting new mini-series coming your way this winter.

ELEKTRA: Root of Evil.

Leastaways, that's what we're calling it at the moment. And its goal is to deliver on everything we promised when we brought her back into the pages of DAREDEVIL. In the four issues of her new mini-series — each with 32 pages of art and story, on high quality paper and in-between card-stock covers — we're opening Elektra up to a high-gear adventure that's going to reveal mysteries of her past, while firmly establishing her character as a contender for the future.

What kind of entertainment value can you expect for your comic dollar? Old lovers reunited as ruthless enemies. A ninja mission to build an elite squad of Chaste warriors. Scaring battlegrounds that circle the globe. A sword of ancient power. Tekagi and the Snakeroot out for revenge. The power of a young woman's

dreams, the terror of her nightmares. A lecherous cyborg named Garrett. Tooth-and-nail ritual combat. And maybe even an appearance by a certain hornheaded street-fighter.

It wasn't an easy choice to step back from DAREDEVIL'S monthly adventures, but we've got a responsibility to see that Elektra moves forward just as breakneck, just as unexpectedly as everything else we've done (and continue to do) with the rest of DAREDEVIL'S "universe." Tired retreads of old routines don't interest us ("Been there. . .done that."). More importantly, retelling stories that have already been told just isn't fair to you as a reader. Radical, run-away directions present themselves once you get to thinking about 'em, once you let the characters take over and thunder forward.

And believe me, when a lady like Elektra wants to take control, you don't argue.

Watch this space over the course of the next four issues (DAREDEVIL #334 through #337). While Gregory Wright and Tom Grindberg rock with Daredevil up front, they're letting me, Hector, and Scott up for the occasional breath of air back here. We'll be taking that time and this space to give you glimpses of Elektra in action, as well as exclusive "behind-the-scenes" reports of what we're charging up to set loose.

Last time we sent out the word we were cooking up something that'd kick, we delivered with what would start in DAREDEVIL #319 and became *Fall From Grace*. 'Course, there were some folks then didn't listen.

This winter: ELEKTRA: *Root of Evil*.

Consider yourself warned.

D.G. Chichester
hidden away
typing feverishly
June 1994

